

Love and Honour: Or, The Lovers Farevvel to Calista.

Being sent from Sea in the late Engagement against the Dutch, to his Mistris, under the
Name of Calista. With the Ladies deploring and ingenious Answer.
To a New sad Air much in request; Or, Tune of, *Now the Tyrant hath stol'n.*



<p>Farewel my Calista my joy and my grief, In vain have I lov'd thee, and found no relief; Endeavour'd by your Virtues to grieve and to sever, Your eyes gave me love, but you gave me despair. How can I be my honour, I seek with content, That fate which in pity you would not prevent. To languish in love were to find by delay, A death that's more welcome the speediest way.</p>	<p>When Suitors are wounded with strokes of disdain 'Tis happiness to be put out of their pain: The grave is a place to bid toiment farewell, But Lovers are tortur'd 'twixt Heaven and Hell When frowns of a Mistress do turn a man o' to, 'Tis safer on Ship-board then 'tis on the shore: I find by experience, though with loss of breath 'Tis worse to encounter with Cupid then Death</p>
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<p>In Darts, and in Battails, amongst bullets and fire The danger is less then in hopeles desire. The day he found you gave me, though far off, As if I from your sight was not to cost you a tear. But if he had dash on a wave should convey, And under your winds to my body should lay, The wound on my breast, when you happen to see You would say with a sigh, It was given by me,</p>	<p>What strength hath a Lady with cast of her eye, To make a man live, or compel him to dye: How power had Calista with smiles and with frowns, She'd raise me to heaven, then tumble me down, But dearest take care how you put faith in men, For I fear you will never be lov'd in vain. You needs must acknowledge, whilst I could draw I was your unchangeable servant till death, breath</p>
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O See more my last farewell breath in a blast
The cloud on my vitals is much over-cast :
I faint, fail, I perish, and suddenly dye,
Yet sure should recover if thou wert but by :
That I nere enjoy'd thee I do not repine,
Thou liv'st with thy honour, and I dye with mine:
For to after ages this story will prove,
I dyed in the war for my King and my Love,

I'll sigh that your face then I could not revert
And all my kind wishes I'll shew on your Hero

When Suitors petition and run upon their heels,
Or shot, if deny'd, they do murder themselves :
The grave is a couch where the virtuous remain,
Without expectation of sorrow or pain.
If the frowns of a spirit can rule a man's fate,
He values his life at a pitiful rate :
Though now she look cloudy, when she draws the
Who knows but the day-light may clear it again

The Ladies Answer.

Blame not your Calixt, nor call her your grief
It was Honour, not she, that deny'd you relief:
None not her virtues, nor term them levers,
Who loves without honour, must look for despair,
Not prompted by pity I truly lament,
The losses of your fate, which I could not prevent:
And languish to think that your blood should defray
The expence of your love, though so noble a way.

On Seas and in Battails that you did expire,
As caus'd by your Valour, not hopelesse desire;
Of your fame, there acquired, I greedily hear,
And grieve when I think that it cost you so dear:
But when your sad friends shall your body convey
By my commands your funeral duties to pay,

Printed for P. Brookes, at the Goldenball in West-Smithfield, near the Hospital-gate.

The looks of a Lady you falsely do scan,
'Tis not strength in the woman, but weakness in
When men set up fools of flesh, blood, and bone
And bow down to worship, the fault is their own.
I hope I shall ne'r be deceived by Men:
For your sake I never shall trust them again
'Tis fatal when Lovers do suffer such strife,
That one must lose honour, or th'other lose life

My mind never can your last farewell forget,
My tears shall confess I'll not dye in your debt:
I heartily wish I had been by your side,
That you might recover, or I might have dyed;
Then both to Elezium we had been convey'd,
Where Ladies by Lovers are never betray'd
But in future ages in stories they'll sing,
That long of your love that you dy'd for your King